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## CALUMET BAKING POWDER

heap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. alumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

### NTINA LAND OF LUXURY.

American Country Almost as Riches With Its Great neighbor, The United States.

the English colonies which our United States, the "United ces of the Rio de la Plata," ing their independence on July 5, had to make good their as- by a long war. The Arg- ruggle lasted from 1817 to 1824, not until 1842 that Spain con- to Argentina her freedom. ing achieved liberty by their the Plata provinces fell apart ere not brought together until when Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, ntes and Santa Fe agreed upon in which they invited the other ces to enter. Anarchy was the r. There was no stable govern- until some time after the adop- of a Constitution in 1853, for s Ayres repeatedly refused to the document. Argentina's pro- prosperous estate is the work of ut 50 years. Her growth may id to have paralleled ours since nerged from the wastage of our war.

v grant that growth has been is indicated by trifling details than pressive statistics. In Buenos scrubwomen get \$3 a day. The or membership in a well-known s \$1,500. The membership is not either. Travelers leaving Buenos sometimes journey a whole day express train without once los-

ing sight of enormous herds of grazing cattle. In La Prensa the country has a newspaper with correspondents in all parts of the world, from whom it receives, at the cost of heavy cable tolls, despatches that fill three pages daily. The Argentine has replaced the North American as the person- ification of unlimited riches in Euro- pean eyes. His is the country of mag- nificent earnings—and of equally mag- nificent prices as well. How vexed the old Spanish con- quistadores would be were they alive to-day at the pastoral wealth they overlooked here. In their view the only wealth was solid silver and gold; they exulted in the dross of Peru and left the region of the La Plata to shift for itself, having found that the Parana and Paraguay rivers hid none of the silver that the early explorers had dreamed of finding. But this very neglect was Argentina's good fortune. Her colonists were left to de- velop the country for themselves; when the wars of the liberation came they found few sentimental ties to bind them to Spain, and they pos- sessed already the spirit of self-help necessary to insure the future of their country.

Coal for a Battleship.  
Seventy tons of coal a day will carry an ordinary battleship along at the cruising speed of 10 to 12 knots; but to drive her at 20 or over, five times that amount must be used.

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## CHICKASHA MILLING CO.

### WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

By NORMA SELBY.

"What you need, Bob Wilson, is home life, with regular meals and ir- regular pleasures and irritations." "So you advise matrimony as a means of removing your bachelor brother's mental and physical faults?" "Not necessarily matrimony, Bob, for Betty and I will be more than glad to have you share our home life for awhile. Shut up this bachelor apart- ment with all its literary lore and come home with me for a month. You're getting as set in your ways as if you were seventy instead of thirty-five. Betty said for me to bring you and she'd make you as comfortable and allow you to be as quiet as you could wish to be."

"That's awfully good of Betty," said Robert. "If there were more girls like Betty perhaps I wouldn't have become a sort of recluse at thirty-five."

A quick step on the stairway was followed by a rap on Robert's door and a moment later there entered Doc- tor Edgar.

"You're doing fine!" said the doc- tor, after asking Robert a few ques- tions. "The only thing you need now is a good jolt that will keep you from settling back again into the same old rut."

"Fine, doctor!" said George. "I've just been urging him to go home with me for a month."

"Just bundle him into your car and take him along," said the doctor.

Once Robert had let go of his old life he set about making the most of his new surroundings. Robert was lastly content with the quiet home life that left him so much leisure for read- ing, but one morning at breakfast the maid handed Betty a night letter con- taining news that was anything but welcome to her brother-in-law.

"Dear me, George!" exclaimed Bet- ty, her brown eyes brightening with pleasure. "Leone Gray wires that she wants to stop for a little visit with us on her way to Boston for another year in her art work."

"Fine!" said George cordially. "Leone is the dearest of girls," said Betty to Robert. "So breezy and charming to have about. We're quite crazy about her."

That evening when Robert was un- willingly dressing for dinner he heard voices and laughter in the lower hall which told him that George and Betty were welcoming their guest whom he mentally termed a representative of the frivolous type.

Half an hour later he went down stairs haltingly and was relieved upon entering the drawing room to find it free of the presence of any frivolous one. Through the open French win- dow that led to the porch he felt the mild evening air and caught a glimpse of the moon through the trees. Betty and George were coming down the stairs and when Robert heard Betty softly calling her guest, he was seized with a desire to delay his introduction to that guest as long as possible.

In quick strides he made for the French window that stood open. The next instant, a dizzy sense of disaster struck him as he collided forcibly with someone who was trying to enter the window. The someone was small and wore a white gown, and she clung to his shoulders to keep the sudden con- tact from throwing her backward. One wondrously soft hand touched his face for an instant and he was pleasantly conscious of a very faint perfume. In the same instant that all this hap- pened, Robert realized that he was standing plainly in view of George and Betty when they should reach the drawing room door. In desperation he put an arm around the frivolous one and swung her gently around so that both of them were out of the light from the open window.

"I'm terribly sorry," he whispered. "Didn't know you were here." He felt a convulsive giggle shaking the girl and realized that his arm was still about her. His arm dropped instantly and he backed away. The girl ad- vanced very near to him and lifted a face that was pretty even in the dark- ness.

"Don't be so scared," she said, in a dramatic whisper. "I won't tell." Then the little white-clad figure van- ished through the window into the drawing room and Robert stood there trying to realize that he was sharing a secret with the girl whose coming he had resented. But not until he met their guest a little later in the brightly lighted dining-room did he begin to realize that he was more pleased than provoked at having such a secret to share with her.

"My brother," said George in his hearty way, as the dinner progressed, "has nothing to do just now but to be agreeable, so you may count on him at every turn while you are here, Leone."

"Nothing would please me more than to try to make it pleasant for Miss Gray," said Robert promptly.

"You are all wonderfully kind," said Leone, "and I'm sure if you continue to make things as pleasant as each one of you has done this evening, there's no telling how long I'll stay."

She looked from one to the other with a dimpling and flashing smile that was fully understood only by Robert. "There's been very little I could do this evening," said Robert, looking at Leone with such a twinkle in his eyes that Betty lost her last doubt of his hospitality, "but I'm glad it hasn't seemed a bad beginning."

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# FATIMA

## A Sensible Cigarette

Such men seek  
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WHEN YOU stop to realize the num- ber of sound, conservative men who have changed over to Fatimas in the last six months, it surely indicates that Fatimas must offer something no other cigarette can offer.

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It is these qualities that make Fatimas truly sensible.

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### LITTLE TO CHOOSE

AFTER ALL, MEN ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE IN HABITS.

As Proof, Jack Dimpleton, After Serv- ing as a Model for More Than Twenty Years, Fell Down With a Crash.

Mrs. Whittier had lived with her hus- band in a practically continuous man- ner for nearly 29 years. During this period of time they had been on a practically continuous basis of friend- ship with the Dimpletons, who lived just far enough away to make such a friendship a practical affair.

There are always moments when the worm turns. This was one of them. Mrs. Whittier had said, after hav- ing reminded her husband that he had not fixed the lock on the rear door (as he had promised to do four days previ- ously):

"Imagine Jack Dimpleton keeping Sallie waiting like that!" Whittier glared. An outsider, un- aware of the long history of his wrongs in this particular direction, would have failed to understand his sudden outburst.

"Look here!" he exclaimed "that's enough. I'm not going to stand that any more."

"Stand what?" said Mrs. Whittier, just as if she didn't know what he meant.

"For twenty years you have been comparing me with Jack Dimpleton. Every time I've failed to meet your distorted demands you've been saying that same thing—holding him up as a model. It's too much. You ought to have married him."

"As if I hadn't heard that before! Well, Jack Dimpleton would have kept his promise. He would have fixed that lock."

"Stop!" There was a dangerous look in Whittier's eyes. "We're going over there tonight, aren't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll see. I propose to find out just how much better he is than I. We'll settle this thing once and for all."

"Pooh!" Mrs. Whittier wasn't at all alarmed. Hadn't he said that same thing upon numerous occasions, and had anything ever come of it? She merely laughed—and they parted for the time being.

They arrived at the Dimpleton's at 7:15. It was a dinner engagement. Whittier pressed the door bell.

"Just on time," he said, looking at his watch. "If it hadn't been for me—"

"I didn't hear that bell ring," said Mrs. Whittier. "You always do hear it ring. Don't I know that?"

"Well, I rang it all right," said Whit- tier. "I'm not going to insult people by making them think the house is on fire."

Mrs. Whittier pressed the button. She had no such sentiments—being a

woman in many mental circumstances. "There!" she exclaimed. "You didn't hear anything, did you? That bell is out of order." She began knocking.

Hurried steps inside; the door thrown open. Mrs. Dimpleton in front. Her husband in rear. Maid coming forward in distance.

"My dears! I was watching for you. Hope you haven't been waiting. No, the bell doesn't ring. Of course—"

Mrs. Dimpleton turned to her apolo- getic, submerged matrimonial tenth.

"He knew about it. Didn't I tell him to see the electrician! But that's the way Jack always does. Now, John," turning to Whittier, "wouldn't have failed to fix it immediately. I wish, my dear," turning to her hus- band again, "that you were only more like John."

"Look here!" asserted Dimpleton. Whittier stopped him.

"Just a moment, old man." He turned to Mrs. Dimpleton:

"Excuse me, Sallie," he said, "you've been holding me up as a model to Jack for about twenty years, haven't you?"

"I certainly have, if—"

Mrs. Dimpleton gasped. So did Mrs. Whittier. Then in a flash they all seemed to understand at once.

"I guess it's a standoff," said Whit- tier, with a cheap insulting tone of triumph in his strident voice.

"Yes," replied Dimpleton almost feeling, "but suppose I had fixed that bell—why this thing might have gone on forever."—Chesterton Todd, in Judge.

### Typical American Gentleman.

A pleasant retort was that once giv- en by Admiral Marsden many years ago at a dinner in Malta. It was giv- en on the Fourth of July by him to the American officers on a man-of-war, and all the English officers in the harbor were guests. They were no better bred than many Englishmen of that day, for when the regular toast, "The day we celebrate," was read, they set down their glasses unheeded. The ven- erable host added, gently: "The day, gentlemen, when England celebrates the coming of age of her eldest daugh- ter." Every face cleared, and the toast was drunk with hearty cheers.

### Splendid Pose.

"How would you like to be the cap- tain of a submarine liner?"

"The idea doesn't appeal to me at all," answered the man who is fond of display.

"Well, why not?"

"For me half the fun of being the captain of an ocean liner would be to stand on the bridge and sweep the sea with my glasses in full view of hundreds of admiring passengers scat- tered about on the upper deck."

### Watery Trenches.

Church—"The man-eating sharks have adopted the tactics of mankind." Gotham—"How so?" Church—"They are doing their fighting in trenches."

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